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Office in Post Office Block, dwelling on East Side
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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office with
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Thankful for past favors, is still in regular
practice, and only requires to be better known
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attention given to the settlement of decedents'
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promptly to all cases, and practice in Marshall
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HOMOEOPATHIC Physician and Dentist,
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surgeon, respectfully offer their services to
the public. Office in Wheeler's block; res-
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Will furnish a complete Abstract of Title to lands
in Marshall county, Ind. Office at his residence,
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H. MERSHON.

Teacher of
Vocal and Instrumental Music.

Will be in Plymouth every Monday and Tuesday,
Piano, Organ, Violon, and other culture and
harmony. Leave orders at Chase & Whitmore's music
room. dec 5 2m

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F. M. BURKET.

Dentist, Office over
A. Becker's grocery,
opposite Post Office.
All work warranted
and given entire sat-
isfaction in every re-
spect. Diseases of
the mouth and throat
successfully treated.
Teeth extracted
without pain by the
use of nitrous oxide
gas. Consultation free. All work warranted. 1
m

Devotion Tuesday and Wednesday of Each Week.

DR. A. C. HUME,

DENTIST!

Office in Second story, Post Office Building

Teeth from one only, to a
full set, so cheap that the
rich and poor can all

CUT THEM.

Preservation of the Natural Teeth

A SPECIALTY.

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LAGER BEER!

Having taken the agency of the above celebrated

Bottled Lager Beer, I can furnish it for

\$1.25 per Dozen Bottles

and deliver at any part of the city.

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Business cards, 5 lines, \$4, per year.
Special rates given to regular advertisers.
Legal advertisements as regulated by law.
Home and transient advertising made known on
application.
Church and society announcements, marriage
and death notices, free.
Local notices, in body type, 10 cents per line, first
insertion; second insertion 5 cents.
Job Printing on the most favorable terms.

What the Girls Needed.

The father and mother together sat,
Their vision was pictured with care,
Pondering what they should do with their girls,
Their girls with the autumn hair.
They play, and sing, and they dance, "she said;
And they sketch with pencil and pen;
They speak the German and French and draw,
"Oh, yes, but they don't draw men;
And here they all sit," the old man growled,
"With their gables of French and Dutch!"
And he gave the poodle beneath his chair
A good kick with the end of his crutch.
"But what can they do that is useful?" he yelled,
"With an oath that really was shocking."
"Can they sew, or sweep, or cook, or clean,
Or darn the holes in their stockings?" she cried,
"With a half hysterical shriek;
Ah, no indeed! I! what the poor girls need
Is a thorough knowledge of Greek!"

JUDGING BY APPEAR-
ANCE.

"Here's a nice place, Mabel," said
the elder of the two ladies who had
just entered the train. "And we'll try
to keep it undisturbed, too," she
added, proceeding to deposit their
shawls, satchels, etc., upon the end of
each seat, while the two ladies
seated themselves facing each other.
They were evidently mother and
daughter, the mother large, portly
and fine-looking, the daughter a
slender, bright-faced little thing, and
just as evidently people of "position,"
marked by all the belongings of
wealthy travelers.

Elegantly braided linen ulsters,
over suits of black silk, stylish hats,
dainty kid gauntlets, Russia leather
satchels and shawl-straps were their
distinguishing marks, besides that
indecipherable air which stamps its
possession as one used to good so-
ciety.

"So very warm! Do reach my fan,
Mabel!" said Mrs. Glennor. "We
have a terrible hot day for our ride!"
"But there is such a nice breeze. I
think it will be lovely," returned
bright-eyed Mabel.

"Oh, you're always contented with
everything. Dear me, I hope the
carriages won't be crowded!"

"They are almost that now, mam-
ma. We have the only vacant seats,
I believe."

"And I mean to keep them, too,"
announced Mrs. Glennor.

At that moment spoke a voice at
her elbow:

"Is that seat engaged, madam?"
Mrs. Glennor and Mabel both look-
ed up to see a young lady dressed in
a plain, untrimmed linen suit, with a
brown veil covering her hat entirely,
and shading a plain, homely face.

Her speech was that of a well-bred
person, but her exceedingly plain at-
tire stamped her in Mrs. Glennor's
eyes as "common folks," not worth an
effort to be polite.

She turned to the widow and set-
tled herself in her place without
seeming to hear, but good-natured
Mabel spoke at once:

"Mine isn't. You are welcome to
share it."

And, notwithstanding the decided
frown on her lady-mother's face, she
tossed her "traps" over on the pile
already beside Mrs. Glennor, and
smiled a reply to the young stranger's
quiet "Thank you," as she sat down,
holding the small satchel she carried,
in her lap.

"It will tire you. There is plenty
of room over here with ours," said
Mabel, reaching out her hand toward
the satchel.

The young lady placed it upon the
seat herself, saying:

"I was afraid it might trouble you."
"Not at all," returned Mabel.

But Mrs. Glennor, with a little ac-
cent of spite, addressed her daughter:

"Mabel, don't make yourself over-
eager. I wonder how far it is to
Hamilton?"

"No. Only the larger stations are
down. Well," with a sigh and a
glance at the intruder, "at least we
shall be able to select our own so-
ciety there."

"Mamma, don't!" pleaded Mabel,
in a low tone, flushing at her moth-
er's rudeness.

"I detect these trains, where every
rude person who chooses may in-
trude upon you," went on Mrs. Glen-
nor, coolly.

Mabel knew there was no telling
where her mother would stop when
once she was on the track, and she
noted the flush which overspread the
stranger's face. She quietly changed
the subject.

"Do you know Mr. Hamilton's fam-
ily, mamma?"

"Not the children. Not since they
were grown, that is. I saw them
when they were little."

"If they are like their noble old
father, I am sure I shall like them.
I think he is splendid," answered
Mabel.

The strange young lady smiled
quietly.

Mrs. Glennor answered:
"I daresay they are. Birth and
breeding always show, Mabel. I, for
one, could never mistake a person of
wealth and culture from a common
one."

"Is there only one daughter?"
asked Mabel.

"Only one at home, the youngest
one, Henrietta. And one son, Rich-
ard. I consider it very fortunate
that Hamilton invited us to make
this visit, Mabel. Richard Hamilton
will be very wealthy, and if you play
your cards well, who knows what

you may do in the way of a settle-
ment."

"Now, mamma, if you begin to
talk that way, I do solemnly declare
I will take the next train that passes
us back home and not go at all."

Mrs. Glennor knew the girl was
quite capable of keeping her word if
she was pushed too far, so she said
no more, but betook herself to the
prospect in view from her window.

The ride was a warm one, but Ma-
bel enjoyed it, and, in spite of her
mamma's frowns, chatted with her
seemingly very sociably.

It was getting sundown when the
train stopped at Hamilton, and sev-
eral passengers descended, among
them Mrs. Glennor and Mabel.

There was a forlorn-looking sta-
tion, with a dusty little refreshment-
bar in one corner of a dingy room,
labeled "Ladies' Room." There
were two or three village idlers, with
hands in their pockets, promenade-
ing up and down the platform, and that
was all.

"Why, what does this mean?" fret-
ted Mrs. Glennor. "Mr. Hamilton
wrote he would be certain to have
the carriage to meet us."

"Perhaps it will be here yet, mam-
ma," said Mabel. "Suppose you ask
one of these men if it has been seen."

"I believe I will," said Mrs. Glennor,
marched majestically up to one of the
men aforesaid and inquired:

"Can you tell me whether Mr.
Hamilton's carriage has been at the
station to-day?"

"Yes'm—no'm—I don't know—
there it are a-comin' now," was the
slightly incoherent answer.

Turning in the direction of his ex-
tended finger, she saw a handsome
carriage rolling rapidly up.

"It is just coming," she announced
to Mabel, whose eyes had already in-
formed her of the fact.

They waited upon the dreary plat-
form until it drove up and the driver
dismounted.

Then he came up the steps and ad-
dressed Mrs. Glennor, touching his
hat respectfully.

"Ladies for Mrs. Hamilton's, mad-
am?"

"Yes. Come, Mabel."

"The carriage is ready, ladies. The
spring cart is here already to take
your baggage over. Will I take your
tickets?"

Mrs. Glennor gave him the tickets
for their trunks, and the ready coach-
man soon had them piled in the light
cart which had followed the carriage.

"Now we are ready," declared Mrs.
Glennor. But the coachman appear-
ed to be looking for some one else.

"Our young Miss Henrietta went
up to town yesterday. We expected
her back by this train."

"Here I am, Sam!" called a familiar
voice from the door of the ladies' car;
and the homely young lady in
plain linen, who had shared Mabel's
seat, came out of her retreat inside,
and approached them.

"My goodness!" was Mrs. Glennor's
dismayed ejaculation, as she flushed
up to the roots of her hair.

But Mabel sprang forward with
extended hand.

"What! are you Henrietta Hamil-
ton? I am so glad!"

"And you are Miss Glennor! I am
glad, too!" said the young lady, offer-
ing her hand most cordially. "I
would have made myself known in
the train, but I am always so shy
with strangers, and I was not sure
who you were till now. Mrs. Glen-
nor, I am very glad to welcome you
to Hamilton. I love your daughter
already, and I am sure we shall have
a delightful visit. Let us go now;
Sam is waiting."

The prompt courtesy, so delicately
ignoring her own rude behavior in
the train, was a greater rebuke to
Mrs. Glennor than any show of an-
ger could have been.

For once her ready tongue was at a
loss, and she only followed her young
hostess to the carriage, silently and
with flushed face.

But Henrietta's kindly spirit soon
put her at her ease, except when she
remembered her mortifying blunder.

It was a wholesome lesson, how-
ever. And the next time Mrs. Glen-
nor meets a lady in the train, whether
she is robed like a Queen or in plain
linen, she will treat her as such, and
never judge by appearance.

A most remarkable story comes
from Utica, New York. It is set
going by reason of the death of Hayes
Himman, who lived two miles from
that city, and died on the 20th, at the
age of 66 years. Fifty years ago
Hayes heard his father swear at a
member of the family, and the occur-
rence produced such an impression
on the young man's mind that he
made a vow never to speak again.

Seven years later he bruised the fin-
gers of his left hand, and the pain
drew from him the ejaculation "Oh!"
Subsequently, on one occasion, he
saw a snake crawl over a sleeping
child, and called out "See!" With
these two exceptions he never spoke
a word in fifty years, resorting to
many ingenious devices to evade the
necessity for talking. Despite ec-
centricity he was well liked by all. He
left a fortune of \$24,000 to a nephew,
with the injunction "Keep your
mouth shut."

A Good Story Told About Alexander
Stephens and Bob Toombs.

A doctor named Royston had sued
Peter Bennett for his bill, long over-
due, for attending the wife of the lat-
ter. Alex. H. Stephens was on the Ben-
nett side, and Robert Toombs, then
senator of the United States, then
of the Georgia, the doctor proved his
number of visits, their value accord-
ing to local custom, and his own au-
thority to do medical practice. Mr.
Stephens told his client that the phy-
sician had made out his case, and as
there was nothing wherewith to rebut
or offset the claim, the only thing
left to do was to pay it. "No," said
Peter, "I hired you to speak to my
case, and now speak."

Mr. Stephens told him there was
nothing to say; he had looked on to
see that it was made out, and it was.

Peter was obstinate, and at last Mr.
Stephens told him to make a speech
himself, if he thought one could be
made.

"I will," said Peter Bennett, "if
Bobby Toombs won't be too hard on
me."

Senator Toombs promised and Pe-
ter began:

"Gentlemen of the jury—You and I
is plain farmers, and if we don't stick
together these 'ere doctors and law-
yers will git the advantage of us. I
ain't no lawyer, nor doctor, and I ain't
no objections to 'em in their proper
place; but they ain't farmers, gentle-
men of the jury. Now, this man Roys-
ton was a new doctor, and I went
for him to come an' doctor my wife's
sore leg. And he come and put some
sawe truck onto it and some rags, but
it never done it one bit o' good,
gentlemen of the jury. I don't be-
lieve he's no doctor no way. There
is doctors as is doctors, sure enough,
but this man don't earn his money,
and if you send for him as Mrs. Sarah
Atkins did, for a negro boy as was
worth \$1,000, he just kills him and
wants pay for it."

"I don't," thundered the doctor.
"Did you cure him?" asked Peter
with the slow accents of a judge with
the black cap on.

The doctor was silent, and Peter
proceeded:

"As I was saying, gentlemen of the
jury, we farmers when we sell our
cotton has got to give value for the
money we ask, and doctors ain't none
to go to be put to the same rule. And
I don't believe this Sam Royston is
no doctor, nohow."

The physician again put in his roar
with "Look at my diploma if you
think I am no doctor."

"His diploma!" exclaimed the new
fledged orator, with contempt. "His
diploma? Gentlemen, that's a big
word for printed sheepskin, and it
didn't make no doctor of the sheep as
first wore it, nor does it of the man
as now carries it. A newspaper has
more in it and I'll pint out to ye that
he ain't no doctor at all."

The man of medicine was now in a
fury and screamed out, "Ask my pa-
tients if I am not a doctor!"

"I asked my wife," retorted Peter,
"and she said as how she tho't you
wasn't."

"Ask my other patients!" said Dr.
Royston.

This seemed to be the last straw
that broke the camel's back, for Peter
replied with a look and tone of un-
utterable sadness:

"That is a hard sayin' gentlemen of
the jury, and one that requires me to
die or to have powers as I've heard
ceased to be in exercised since the
apostles. Does he expect me to bring
the angel Gabriel down to toot his
horn before his time and cry aloud:
'Awake ye dead, and tell this court
and jury your opinion of Royston's
practice?' Am I to go to the lonely
graveyard and rap on the silent tomb,
and cry to 'em as is at rest up here,
you and state if you died a natural
death, or was hurried up by some
doctors? He says ask his patients,
and gentlemen of the jury, they're
all dead! Where is Mr. Berslie's man
Sam? Go, ask the worms in the
graveyard where he lies. Mrs. Peak's
woman Sarah was attended by him,
her funeral was appointed and he had
the corpse ready. Where is that
likely Bill that belonged to Mr. Mit-
chell? Now in glory a' expression his
opinion of Royston's doctorin'! And
where is that baby gal of Harry Ste-
phens? She are where doctors cease
from trouble'n' and infants is at rest."

"Gentlemen of the jury, he has et
enough chicken at my house to pay
for his salve, and I furnished the rags,
and I don't suppose he charges me
for makin' him worse, and he even
don't pretend to charge for curin' of
her, and I am humbly thankful
that he never gave her anything for
her inwards, as he did his other pa-
tients, for somethin' made 'em all die
mighty sudden—"

Here the applause made the speak-
er sit down in great confusion, and in
spite of a logical restatement of the
case by Senator Toombs, the doctor
lost and Peter Bennett won.

A Methodist minister in Essex
county, Mass., was promised a salary
of \$400. By digging claims and mak-
ing shce he earned \$200 last year,
and his flock withheld that amount
from his stipend.

STUFFING A STRANGER.

A Man will get Hold of the Wrong
Customer Once in a While.

[R. J. Bartlett's Letter to the Burlington Hawkeye.]
Do you remember, some weeks
since, I was greatly annoyed by an
inquisitive man down in Maine, and
abruptly closed my letter for the
purpose of stuffing the aforesaid
man.

Well, I stuffed him.
"Much of a place, your town?" he
said.

"Oh, yes," I said, with the matter
of course carelessness of a citizen of
the great western metropolis, "about
forty-five thousand, I guess."

The man eyed me with keen,
awakening interest. "So big as
that?" he said.

I nodded, and he presently said,
"Well, I had no idea there was
such a large city in Iowa. State
must be pretty well settled up, I
reckon?"

I said yes it was. Some portions
of it pretty wild, though.

"Any large game in the State?"
"Herds of it," I said, I killed deer
last winter not two miles from the
Burlington court-house."

I pacified my conscience for this
lie by explaining to that rebellious
and vociferous monitor that there
was no Burlington court-house, that
it was burnt down several years
ago, and the county was waiting
until it could buy a second-hand
court-house for \$1.75, before replac-
ing it. Therefore, I could truthfully
say that I killed all the deer that
came within two miles of our court-
house.

"I want to know?" the native ex-
claimed.

"Do you, though?" thought I,
"then I'll tell you." And so I went
on, "Why the wolves only two years
ago, made a raid right into Burling-
ton and killed all the chickens on
South Hill."

Conscience raised a terrible pro-
test at this, but I hushed it up too
quick, by citing the well known
case of Deiga Schenck's wolf that
got loose and in one single summer
night ate up everything on South
Hill that wore feathers. The native
looked astonished and doubly inter-
ested.

"Any Indians?" he said.

"Land, yes," I told him, yawning
wearily, as one who talks of old,
stale, things. "Sitting Bull was edu-
cated at the Baptist collegiate insti-
tute, in Burlington, and was expelled
for trying to scalp Professor Wort-
man with a horse shoe magnet."

"You don't tell me!" exclaimed the
native in wild amazement. By this
time I was perfectly reckless and
told conscience to keep its mouth
shut and give me a chance.

"Oh, yes," I said, "Yellow Wolf's
old medicine lodge is still standing,
right out on West Hill. The Indians
come into the city very frequently,
tearing through the streets on their
wiry little ponies."

"Ever have any trouble with them?"
the man asked.

"Oh, no," I said, carelessly, "the
citizens seldom do. The cow boys,
who come up from Texas with cattle,
hate them terribly, and occasionally
drop one in the streets just for re-
volver practice. But nobody else in-
terferes in their fights."

"I suppose," the man said, "you all
carry revolvers strapped around you
out there?"

"Oh, yes," I replied, "of course.
We have to; a man never knows
when he is going to have trouble
with somebody, and in case of any
little misunderstanding, it wouldn't
do for a fellow not to be heeled."

I think the man shuddered a little.
Then, fearing he might ask to look at
my revolver, I casually remarked that
never carried my barker when I
came East.